

# Deathrow, Machinery

I am walking through the streets  
Of my old town  
Looking back on the days  
Of my youth  
There are factories in the fields  
Where we used to play  
Clouds of smoke hang in the sky  
And block out the sun

God bless this house, the car and the TV  
Show us our idols in magazines  
They build us prisons without any walls  
Money rules we can't resist

Sankes of commercial TV  
Decoy with their apples  
False priests spit out their lies  
Because God sells  
If we don't pull ourselves  
Out of this mud  
Our children will have to pay  
For our sins

God bless this house, the car and the TV  
Show us our idols in magazines  
They build us prisons without any walls  
Money rules we can't resist  
We're just wheels in a great  
We're just wheels in a great  
MACHINERY

Encircled and trapped by ourselves  
We're enslaved to mass productions  
Self-deception from a better life  
Our behaviour brings corruption  
We buy a pig in a poke  
And we drown ourselves in the garbage

Supermarkets sell  
Us their shit  
We can't free ourselves  
From this world of abuse

We're just wheels in a great  
We're just wheels in a great  
MACHINERY